

August 12<sup>th</sup>

92 Cliffe Candles

**ACE GARP: YOU'LL NEVER WARP ALONE!**

PROG 430  
10 AUG 85

IN ORBIT  
EVERY  
MONDAY

\$1.45 Malaysia  
85c Australia  
85c New Zealand  
85g Mercury  
210g Venus  
66g Mars  
10g Asteroid Belt  
110g Saturn  
10g Neptune  
2g Pluto

**24p**  
EARTH  
MONEY





# NERVE CENTRE

## BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS,

Welcome to the galaxy's greatest comic! This magnificent prog has been scientifically designed to prepare your circuits for the return of one of 2000 AD's all-time greats.....*Nemesis!* In just five weeks' time, The Warlock returns in his latest and most thrill-powered saga to date - "The Vengeance Of Thoth"! To reduce the danger of severe thrill-overload when the new series begins, however, I have programmed robots Mills and O'Neill to create a special one-off story, which you will locate elsewhere among these perfect pages. By an amazing coincidence, this prog also contains a laser scan of - booo! hssss! - *Torquemada*, receiving his prize for being the Favourite Villain of last year. Strange as it may seem, the kill-crazy human was less than happy about the award - but then what can you expect from a lunatic who doesn't like aliens?

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

**THARG**

**THARGUS!**

Drawn by Earthlet William Coles.  
Thornham Magna, Suffolk. £10 Winner.



**NEMESIS  
THE WARTHOG**

Drawn by Earthlet  
Luke Gotters, Sevenoaks. £10 Winner.

## VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: **THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.**

List your three favourite stories  
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and  
enclose it with your entry.

- 1.....
- 2.....
- 3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age is..... **430**

## THARG'S THRILLNESS THERAPY

Dear Tharg,

I've been reading your thrill-powered comic for a very long time, but I've been wondering if you could please make it larger. You see, I find that it only takes me a matter of 30 minutes or so to read through 2000 AD (I suppose this is because it's so thrilling), but when I'm finished I just can't wait for the next prog. Is there any way you can help me out of my dilemma? From Earthlet Pat Connell, Dublin.  
£5 Winner.

Yes. You are suffering from thrill-indigestion caused by reading too fast. I suggest you go for a walk around your county boundaries in between tackling each of my scroting stories.

## IF YOU'RE VENUSIAN, IT'S "NIGEL"

Dear Tharg,

We have an argument at our school. I say that *Slaine* should be pronounced as in the word meaning 'killed' - Slain. Meanwhile, my friends say it should be Slanya, or Slane, or even Slean! Please tell us which is the correct pronunciation. From Earthlet James Kebbell, Newark.  
£5 Winner.

There isn't really one single correct pronunciation - it depends where you're from. If you're English, for example, pronounce it as it looks: Slain. If you're a Celt, of course, you already know how to pronounce it.

## I'M ROGUE : COVER ME!

Dear Mighty One,

I get 2000 AD every week, and my favourite characters are *Judge Dredd* and *Rogue Trooper*, but unfortunately one of my back progs has lost its front cover. One of the stories in that issue starred Rogue in Episode 8 of "All Hell On The DIX-I Front". Please,

please could you tell me the number of this epic prog?

From Earthlet Richard McDowell, Exmouth  
£5 Winner.

Oh, all right - we'll call it an early Exmouth present. The classic comic in question is Prog 273, with a zarjaz scan of Dredd and The League of Fatties on the cover.

## ADVERTISEMENT

### JUDGE DREDD IN FULL COLOUR



#### JUDGE DREDD

No. 23 now available: In *The Apocalypse War Part Four*, Dredd and the Apocalypse Squad take the war to East-Mega One. Cover by Brian Bolland.

Single issue: 95p  
6 issues: £5.50  
12 issues: £11.00

#### CRIME FILE

No. 2 now available: Featuring three stories - *The Perp Runners*; *Mob War*; *The Blitz Agencies*. Cover by Brian Bolland.

Single issue: £1.60  
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2000 AD No. 6 now available: Starring Dredd and Strontium Dog this last issue of the current Mega-series features *Pirates of the Black Atlantic Part Two*; *Assault on 1-Block 4* and *The Schickelgruber Grab Part Four*.

Single issue: £1.10

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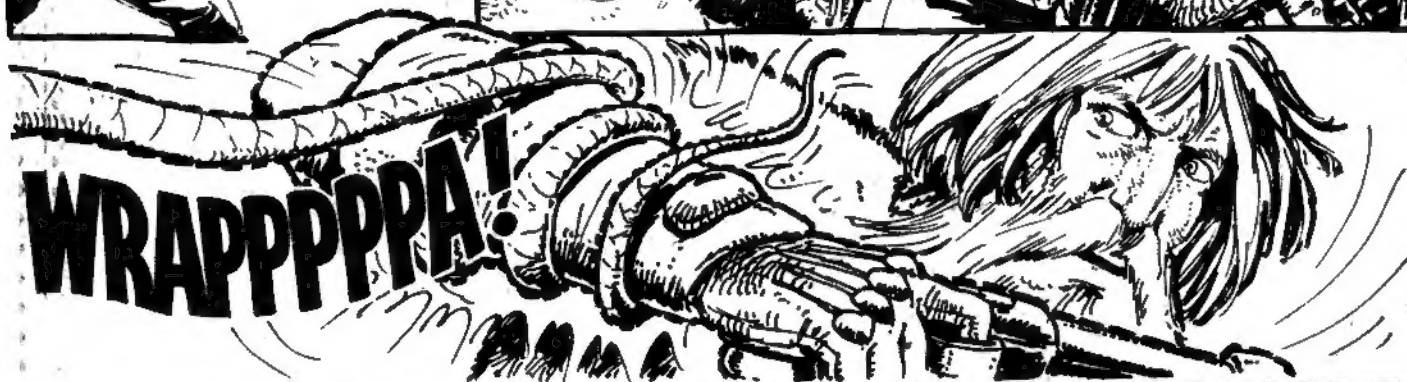
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**T**HE PLANET JERBOOS...  
MUTANT BOUNTYHUNTER  
JOHNNY ALPHA AND HIS NORM  
PARTNER WULF HAVE COME TO  
FREE FRANKLIN KEEBLE AND HIS  
SONS FROM KING LARRY THE  
CERTIFIABLE'S SLAVE-FORCE.  
NOW, IN THE VALLEY OF THE  
KINGS...

# Strontium DOE



2000AD  
Credit Card:  
SCRIPT ROBOT  
ALAN GRANT  
ART ROBOT  
CARLOS EZQUERRA  
LETTERING ROBOT  
KID ROBSON  
COMPU-73c





BEHIND, THE SLAVES FREED BY JOHNNY AND WULF TURN AGAINST THEIR TYRANICAL MASTERS —



ABOVE, FRANKLIN KEEBLE AND HIS SONS —





WHAT IN BLAZES — ?  
WH-WHO ARE YOU ?

STRONTIUM DOG.  
YOUR WIFE SENT US.



ELEANOR ? SHE'S...ALIVE ?

SHE'S IN BETTER  
CONDITION THAN  
YOU ARE !



DER YOUNG VUNS ARE IN DER BAD VAY,  
JOHNNY. THEY CANNOT CLIMB LIKE  
THIS !

WE CAN GO THROUGH THE EYE !  
THERE'S A PASSAGE RUNS DOWN  
TO GROUND LEVEL !



GET UP AFTER  
THEM ! KILL THEM !

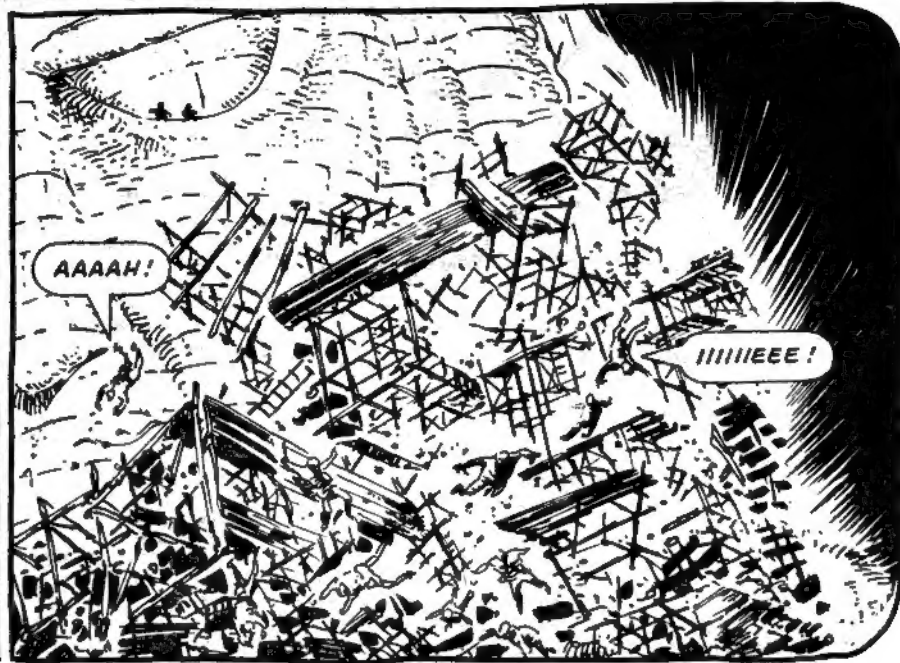
PAANG!

PAANG!

PAANG!



PUSH,  
WULF !



AAAAH!

IIIIIEEE!





YOUR DAUGHTER, KEEBLE — WHERE IS SHE ?

THE KING BOUGHT HER... SHE'S KEPT AT THE PALACE. C-CAN YOU FREE HER, TOO ?



FIRST THINGS FIRST!



COAST'S CLEAR. THE GUARDS ARE ALL DEALING WITH THE UPRISING!



LET'S MOVE!



DER BATTLE NOT GO TOO GOOD FOR DER SLAVES!

THEY HELPED US... LEAST WE CAN DO IS RETURN THE FAVOUR.



NUMBER 4 CARTRIDGE!



FADOOOOOM!

FAAADOOOOOM!

THE KING'S HEAD!

NO! IT CAN'T BE!

ONE OF THE MANY OLD CUSTOMS CLUNG TO BY THE JERBOOSERS IS THE TRADITIONAL SUPERSTITION —



THE KING'S HEAD IS FALLEN  
...THE KINGDOM IS LOST!

WE'RE ALL DOOMED!



THE GUARDS HAVE LOST  
HEART! KILL THEM ALL!



IN THE SHUTTLE —

DER SLAVES HAVE VUN, BUT HOW  
VILL THEY GET OFF-PLANET? DER  
KING VILL SEND REINFORCEMENTS,  
UND —

WE'VE GOT TO GO TO  
THE PALACE ANYWAY,  
TO PICK UP MIJ.

MAYBE WE CAN HAVE A  
PERSONAL WORD WITH  
KING LARRY WHILE  
WE'RE THERE!



NEXT  
PROG

**MALICE IN THE PALACE!**



# MEGA CITY 1, MELCHESTER ROVERS 2!

YOU can score with

## ROY OF THE ROVERS

*The Comic that's Top of the League for Football!*

# 8 FANTASTIC FOOTBALL STORIES!



A super CENTRE SPREAD COLOUR PICTURE, featuring a different soccer star, including his signature . . . every week!

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A CALL OF THE WEEK feature, in which you can ring ROY OF THE ROVERS direct and give your views on Roy's publication — or ask a question for ROY'S TALK-IN pages!

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goes to the senders of all published JOKES, TALK-IN letters, SIGN PLEASE and GOAL requests, plus CALL OF THE WEEK winners!

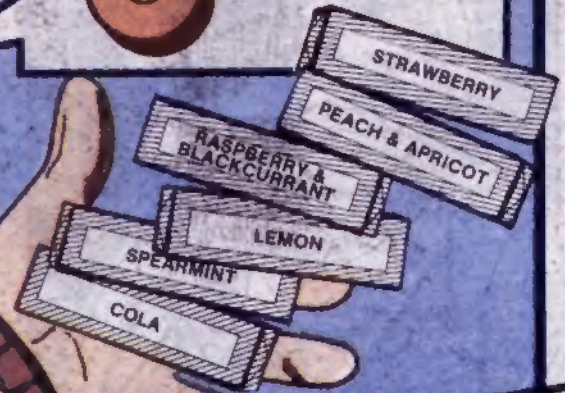
## ON SALE EVERY SATURDAY!



# WOODY HOLLY SAYS...

**CHEW  
THIS  
OVER...**

**WHAT'S THE ONLY  
CHEWING GUM  
IN **6** FANTASTIC  
FLAVOURS?**



**MADE SPECIALLY  
FOR US!! AND ONLY  
**10P** A PACK**

# HOLLYWOOD

**puts the fun into chewing gum**

**THE ONLY  
GUM WORTH  
CHEWZING !!**





**SCRIPT**  
**PAT MILLS**  
**ART**  
**KEVIN O'NEILL**  
**LETTERING**  
**STEVE POTTER**



EVEN HENRY'S JOB IS DULL. WHILE OTHER CLERKS AT THE REGISTRY OF DEATHS HANDLE TORTURE, TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS OR ALIEN ATTACK, HENRY DEALS WITH THE FEW CASES OF DEATH FROM NATURAL CAUSES.

CLOCK WATCHERS WILL BE PERSECUTED

DEATHS

AND HENRY NEVER LISTENS TO OFFICE GOSSIP...

TORTURE

EXECUTION

NATURAL CAUSES

SUICIDE

MASSACRE

GENOCIDE

MURDER

HEARD THE LATEST RUMOUR ABOUT TORQUE AND CANDY?

WHAT A HORRIBLE WAY TO DIE!

NO!

LEAVE EARLY  
DIE YOUNG

BACK HOME, HE NEVER ARGUES WITH HIS WIFE...

ASK YOUR BOSS FOR A RISE—SO WE CAN HAVE A HOLIDAY ON ONE OF THE NEWLY CLEANSED PLANETS.

YES, DEAR.

YOU STILL HAVEN'T ASKED FOR THAT RISE, YOU SPINELESS JERK!

THAT'S RIGHT, DEAR.

IN THIS WAY, BY ALWAYS AGREEING WITH PEOPLE, BY NEVER GETTING INVOLVED, BY NEVER STICKING UP FOR HIMSELF, HENRY SPRUTENBURG—THE EGO-LESS MAN—THINKS HE CAN KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE...

UNFORTUNATELY FOR HENRY, TROUBLE IS ON ITS WAY TO MEET HIM... IN THE SHAPE OF NEMESIS!

DEVIANT DROP

KILL THE DEVIANT!

THE WARLOCK WAS ESCAPING AFTER ANOTHER DARING MISSION WHEN HE'D RUN INTO THE TERMINATOR PATROL...

NOW HE IS  
WOUNDED...

HE NEEDS SOMEWHERE  
TO HIDE, WHILE HE  
HEALS HIMSELF, OR  
SOME BODY TO HIDE IN...

IT IS AT THIS POINT NEMESIS SEES  
HENRY ON HIS WAY HOME FROM WORK...

THAT  
HUMAN! I  
SENSE HE HAS  
NO SPIRIT, NO  
EGO TO RESIST  
ME... A PERFECT  
HOST BODY!

MOMENTS LATER,  
AS TORQUEMADA\*  
ARRIVES...

SURROUND  
THE AREA!  
HE MUST  
NOT ESCAPE  
ME!

NEMESIS  
HAS VANISHED  
INTO THIN  
AIR!

\*BEFORE HIS ACCIDENT  
IN THE TELEPORTER AND  
DEATH ON BRITANNIA.

CHECK  
THAT  
APARTMENT  
BLOCK! READ  
ALL PURITY  
METERS!

EVERY APARTMENT  
HAS A PURITY  
METER WHICH  
REGISTERS ANY  
ALIEN LIFE-FORM...

GETTING A  
MASSIVE IMPURITY  
READING FROM  
FLAT 5/14, GRAND  
MASTER!

WAIT  
TILL  
MID-  
NIGHT-

THEN  
WE'LL RAID  
IT!

INSIDE...

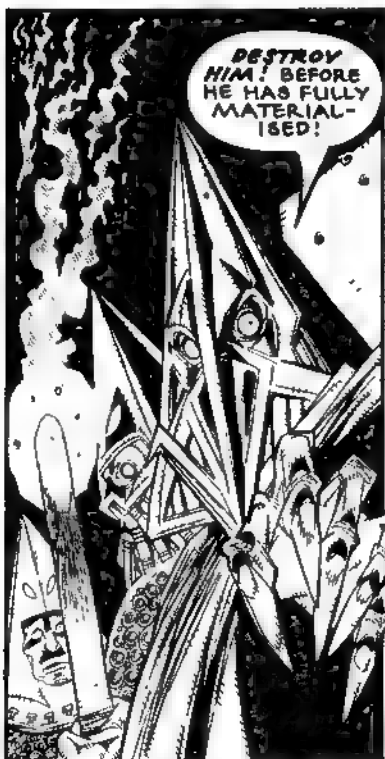
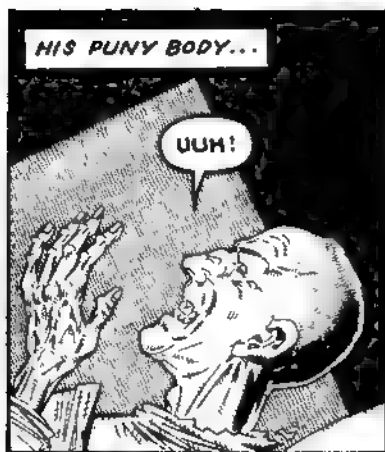
YOU'RE  
LATE, DINNER'S  
IN THE BIN.

EXPLAIN  
YOURSELF  
THEN.

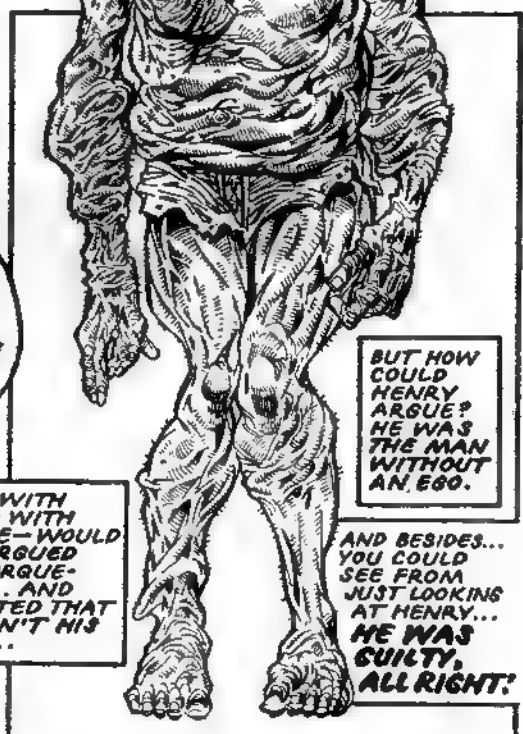
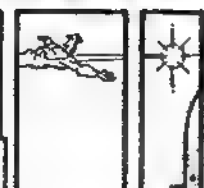
SHUT UP,  
WOMAN!  
COOK MY  
MEAL AND  
BE QUICK  
ABOUT  
IT!













The illustration depicts Judge Dredd, a character with a large, blue, helmet-like head and a brown, fur-like body. He is shown from the chest up, with his mouth wide open in a scream or roar, revealing sharp teeth and a bloody interior. His eyes are large, circular, and contain a scene of a fight between a man in a green suit and a woman in a red dress. The background is a dark, swirling mass of blue and black. The entire cover is framed by a border of various horror-themed images, including skulls, screaming faces, and skeletal figures. The title 'JUDGE DREDD' is written in large, bold, black letters with a yellow outline. Below the title is a small yellow box with black text. At the bottom, the name 'NOSFERATU' is written in large, red, dripping letters, followed by the phrase 'WRITE HIS NAME IN BLOOD!' in smaller, black letters. A small yellow shield-shaped logo is located in the bottom right corner.

# JUDGE DREDD

**O**NE SCREAM BEYOND YOUR  
DARKEST NIGHTMARE!  
THE EVIL ONE STALKS THE  
MEGA-CITY!

**NOSFERATU: WRITE  
HIS NAME  
IN BLOOD!**

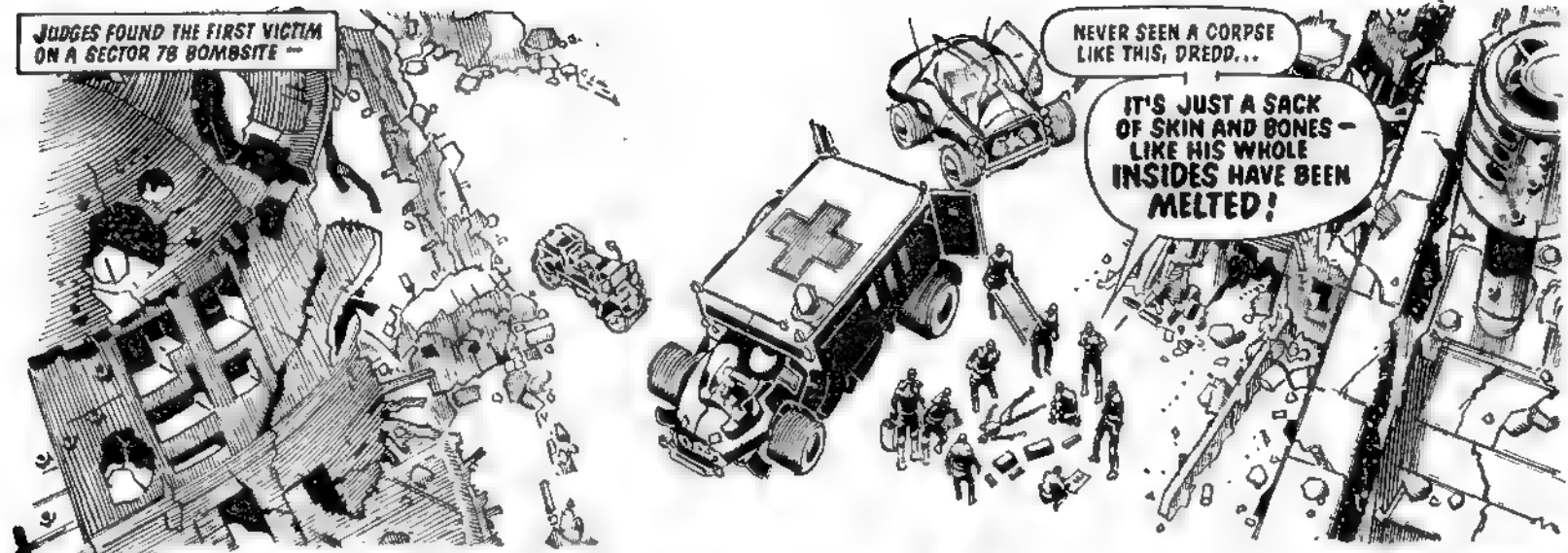




JUDGES FOUND THE FIRST VICTIM  
ON A SECTOR 76 BOMBSITE --

NEVER SEEN A CORPSE  
LIKE THIS, DREDD...

IT'S JUST A SACK  
OF SKIN AND BONES --  
LIKE HIS WHOLE  
INSIDES HAVE BEEN  
MELTED!



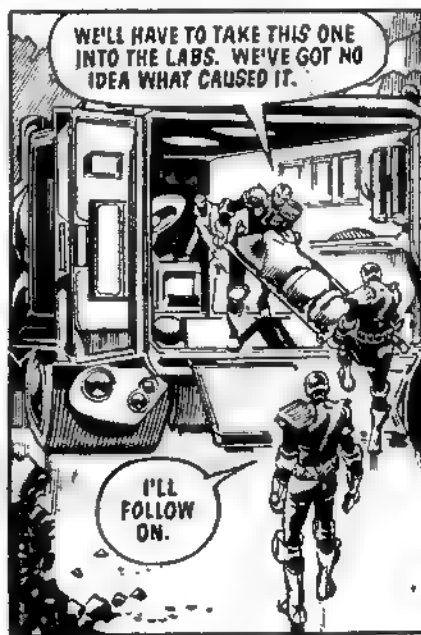
GOT ANY I.D. P

YEAH, ONE  
STIG MABON.  
LAST SEEN EN ROUTE  
TO AN ALL-NIGHT  
CHUB-UP IN  
SECTOR 77.



WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THIS ONE  
INTO THE LABS. WE'VE GOT NO  
IDEA WHAT CAUSED IT.

I'LL  
FOLLOW  
ON.



IN FORENSIC --

WELL,  
DOC?



TO PUT IT SIMPLY, DREDD,  
HE'S BEEN EATEN.



NOTE THESE PUNCTURE MARKS.  
THE VICTIM HAS BEEN INJECTED WITH A  
POWERFUL PROTOZYME WHICH LIQUEFIED  
HIS INNARDS. THE RESULTING, ER... SOUP  
WAS SUBSEQUENTLY SUCKED OUT  
THROUGH THE SAME WOUNDS.

LIKE A  
SPIDER...



RECKON IT  
COULD BE ONE -  
A MUTATION?

IT'S THE ONLY  
EXPLANATION I  
CAN THINK OF.



IF SO,  
IT'S A  
BIG 'UN.

I'LL GET  
PEST CONTROL  
ONTO IT.



HE ARRIVED ON THE MONTHLY SHUTTLE FROM CALLISTO, FEELING OUT OF PLACE, APPREHENSIVE — AN ALIEN IN A STRANGE LAND...



YET THE KNOWLEDGE HE HAD GLEANED FROM THE HUMAN — AND HIS OWN NATIVE CUNNING — HAD BROUGHT HIM THIS FAR. RAGNOS WILLING, THEY WOULD NOT DETECT HIM NOW...

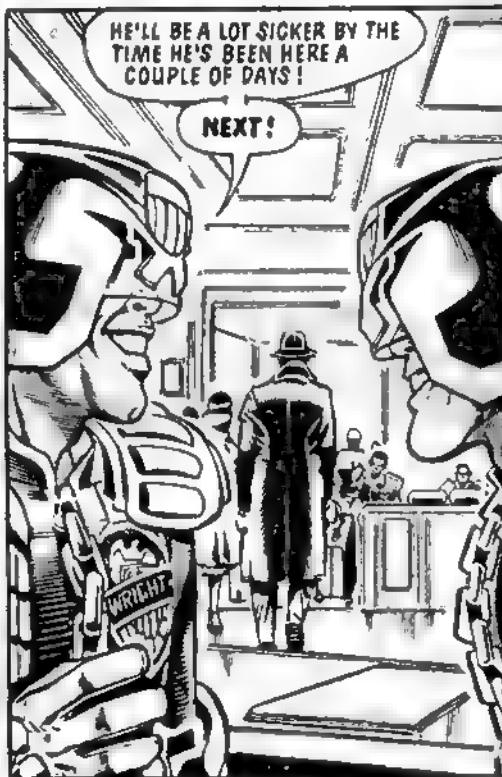
YOU'VE BEEN OFF PLANET A LONG TIME, CITIZEN HURD. WHAT BRINGS YOU BACK?

HOMESICK, I GUESS.



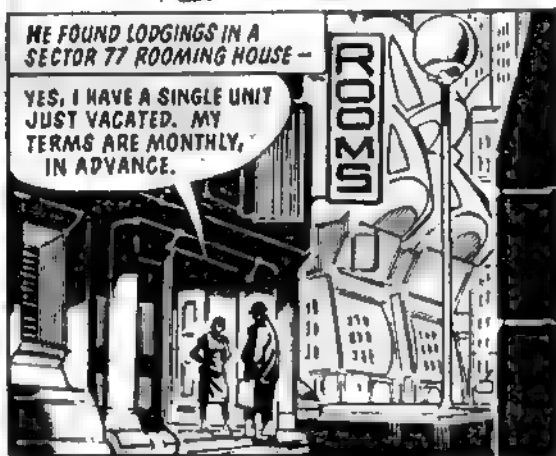
HE'LL BE A LOT SICKER BY THE TIME HE'S BEEN HERE A COUPLE OF DAYS!

NEXT!



HE FOUND LODGINGS IN A SECTOR 77 ROOMING HOUSE —

YES, I HAVE A SINGLE UNIT JUST VACATED. MY TERMS ARE MONTHLY, IN ADVANCE.



THIS WAY.



YOU'LL DO YOUR OWN LAUNDRY AND CLEANING. NO COOKING IN YOUR ROOM, NO PARTIES, NO LOUD NOISES AFTER 10 P.M.



ALONE AT LAST...





SAFE TO CAST OFF THIS  
REPUGNANT HUMAN FORM —



—TO REVEAL HIS TRUE  
SELF ONCE MORE —



**NOSFERATU —  
THE EVIL ONE !**

HE HAD FASTED LONG ON THE VOYAGE,  
AFRAID TO SUP LEST HE SHOULD GIVE  
HIMSELF AWAY. NOW HUNGER BURNED  
IN HIM.



HE MUST FEED  
AGAIN SOON —

TONIGHT, WHEN THE  
MYRIAD EYES OF RAGNOS  
SHONE DOWN UPON HIM,  
TO CAST THEIR BLESSING  
ON HIS WORK...



ENTICING HIS PREY PROVED  
DIFFICULT. THERE WAS MUCH  
HE DID NOT YET KNOW ABOUT  
THE WAYS OF HUMANS —

COME  
UP TO MY  
ROOM,  
PLEASE.

GET LOST,  
WEIRDO!



BUT LIKE ALL HIS RACE,  
HE LEARNED QUICKLY —



YOU  
ARE  
HURT.

YEAH! TONIGHT OF ALL  
NIGHTS! I WAS TRYING TO  
GET TO THE BIG CHUB-UP  
OVER ON DOBERMAN.







HE INJECTED LONG AND DEEP,  
FEELING THE DIGESTIVE FLUIDS  
BEGINNING TO ACT.



MRS DILLEY! I DO  
NOT WISH TO BE  
DISTURBED FOR  
ANY REASON!



HE REMAINED LOCKED  
IN THAT ROOM FOR  
THREE DAYS...



BENT OVER THE CARCASE,  
GRADUALLY LIQUIDISING IT...



... UNTIL THE BODY OF STIG MABON WAS  
NO MORE THAN A DRIED-OUT HUSK.



WHEN HE WAS THROUGH HE FOLDED THE BODY  
INTO A SUITCASE AND CARRIED IT TO  
WASTEGROUND FAR FROM HIS LAIR.



THEN HE THANKED RAGNOS FOR GUIDING HIM TO THIS  
NEW WORLD, WHERE THE FOOD WAS PLENTIFUL -  
AND THE DARK DEEDS OF NOSFERATU WERE NOT KNOWN...



...NOT YET.

NEXT PROG:  
BEHIND THE  
GREEN DOOR!



# ACE TRUCKING

**C<sup>o</sup>** Any space  
Any time

## THE CROAKSIDE TRIP!

2000AD

Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT  
GRANT/GOYER  
ART ROBOT  
BELARDINELLI  
LETTERS ROBOT  
STARKINGS

COMPU-73

SPACE TRUCKER ACE GARP HAS ONLY THREE DAYS LEFT TO LIVE - AND IN A LAST FLAMBOYANT GESTURE, HE HAS WAGERED ACE TRUCKING AGAINST JAGO KAIN'S YELLOW LINE IN A RACE TO THE PLANET POOPPOPEEDOO. THERE'S JUST ONE SNAG - ACE HAS TO MAKE THE JOURNEY TWICE!

I DECLARE  
THIS RUSH -  
**GO!**



ABOARD SPEEDO  
GHOST

HANG TIGHT, GOOD  
BUDDIES! CUTTIN' IN  
THEM BOOSTER  
BURNERS -



NOW!

**BOOOOOSSTT!**



ON YELLOW SNORK, ACE'S SWORN  
ENEMY, JAGO KAIN -

GARP'S  
STREAKIN'  
AHEAD,  
JAGO!

YAH, LET HIM! THE  
SNORK COULD PUTTER  
ALONG ON ONE ENGINE  
AN' STILL BE HOME BE-  
FORE HE MAKES IT  
TWICE!

**YEEHAAAAA!**  
WE GONE!





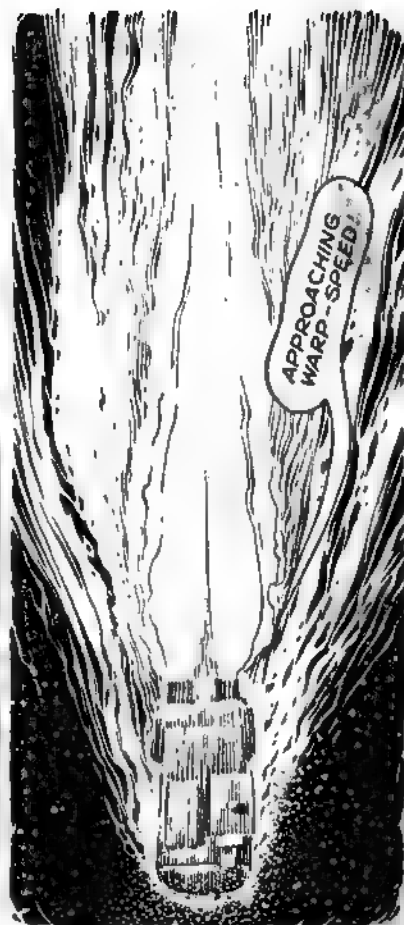


G-FORCE: 1,000 AND RISING. BETTER EASE OFF, ACE.

NO...WAY... DIGITAL BUDDY! I'S... HOLDIN' HER TILL WARP-SPEED!

SPACE PIRATE EVIL BLOOD HAS DECIDED TO STICK WITH ACE TILL THE END —

DON'T... YE BE... A-DYIN' ON ME NOW, GARPY! I AIN'T IN NO... POSITION TO... ENJOY IT!



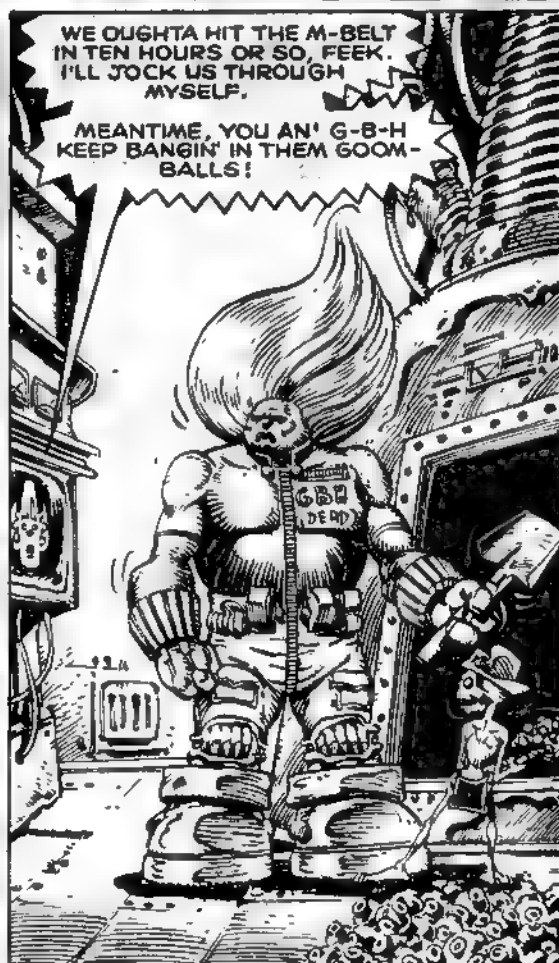
APPROACHING WARP-SPEED!



INSIDE, THE G-FORCE SUDDENLY DROPS AWAY —

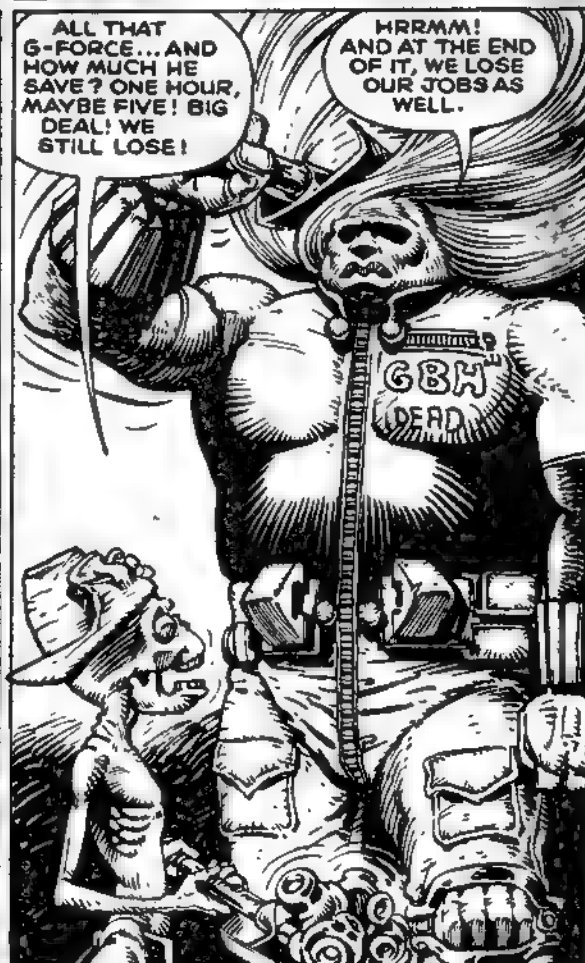
IN WARP NOW, ACE.

OOKYDOO! BOOSTERS OFF. TAKE OVER, GHOST.



WE OUGHTA HIT THE M-BELT IN TEN HOURS OR SO, FEEL. I'LL JOCK US THROUGH MYSELF.

MEANTIME, YOU AN' G-B-H KEEP BANGIN' IN THEM GOOM-BALLS!



ALL THAT G-FORCE... AND HOW MUCH HE SAVE? ONE HOUR, MAYBE FIVE! BIG DEAL! WE STILL LOSE!

HRRMM! AND AT THE END OF IT, WE LOSE OUR JOBS AS WELL.



TYPICAL ACE GARP! NOT  
CAN EVEN DIE SENSIBLE.  
ALWAYS MUST BE ONE  
MORE FOUL-UP!



GRABBIN' SOME  
SHUT-EYE, ARE YE,  
GARP? RECKON  
I'LL JUST JOIN YE!

SHEESH!  
I CAN'T EVEN  
SLEEP ALONE!



YE KNOW,  
GARP, THERE'S  
SOMETHIN'  
A-BOTHERIN' ME.

WHAT'S  
THAT,  
BLOODY  
BUDDY?

WELL, HERE YE ARE, THREE  
DAYS FROM DEATH - AND SO FAR  
NOT ONE SIGN OF THE DREAD  
DISEASE THAT'S POISONIN'  
YER BRAIN! NOT ONE SCREAM  
OF ANGUISH - NOT A MEASLY  
CRY OF AGONY!



'POLOGIES - BUT WUZZEL'S  
DISEASE JUST AIN'T PAINFUL. DOXY  
SAID I WOULDN'T NOTICE A THANG -  
TILL SUDDENLY, I'S 'TRIPPIN'  
CROAKSIDE!

SNAP!

AH, YE DISAPPOINT ME,  
GARP. WHAT'S THE PURPOSE IN  
ME WATCHIN' YE DIE IF I DON'T  
GET NO PLEASURE FROM IT?



TELL YE WHAT - WHY DOESN'T I  
TORTURE YE A LITTLE? OR EVEN A  
LOTTE! YE KNOW WHAT I MEAN - SLICE  
YE UP A BIT, SEVER A LIMB OR TWO ...  
REALLY BRING IT HOME TO YE WHAT IT  
MEANS TO BE A-DYIN'!

WE STILL HAS  
TEN HOURS. NOT  
ENOUGH TO DO A  
THOROUGH JOB ON  
YE - BUT ENOUGH  
TO MAKE A  
START!

WHAT  
D'YE  
SAY?



SORRY, EVIL -  
GOTTA THROW  
YA THE BIG  
NEGATORY.

TORTURE  
MIGHT TEND  
TO IMPAIR MY  
ABILITIES AS  
A JOCKBOX  
GENIUS!

AW. GO ON, GARP.  
JUST A LEG. YE WON'T MISS  
IT - AND ANYWAYS, A PEG-  
LEG LOOKS MIGHTY FINE ON  
A SHIP'S CAPTAIN.



SKIDOO IT!  
NOW SHUT YER KRAW -  
I GOTTA GRAB SOME  
ZEDS HERE!



NINE HOURS AND FIFTY  
MINUTES LATER —

METEOR  
BELT DEAD  
AHEAD,  
ACE!

YOU WANT US EASE DOWN  
ON GO-JUICE NOW, ACE?

NEGATORY, FEEK!  
YOU KEEP BANGIN'  
IN THEM GOOMBALLS.  
WE'S BOILIN'  
THROUGH ON WARP!

WARP-SPEED?  
YOU CRAZY, ACE!

JUST DO IT,  
BONY BUDDY

HANG TIGHT,  
EVIL BUDDY!  
HERE WE  
GOES!

AN M-BELT AT WARP-  
SPEED? A TRIFLE RISKY,  
AIN'T IT, GARPY?

THAT'S AN AFFIRMATIVE!  
BUT THE WAY I BLIPS IT, IF  
WE SLOWS DOWN IT AIN'T  
NO SHORT-CUT!

WE JUST GOTTA  
BOIL ON THROUGH —  
AN' HOPE THAT  
LADY TUMSH IS  
RIDIN' WITH US!





# ROGUE TROOPER

THE ANTIGEN NEEDED TO REGENE ROGUE TROOPER'S BIOCHIPPED BUDDIES IS FOUND IN EGG-FORM ON THE PLANET HORST. NOW, IN THE DESERT LAIR OF ALIENS ALLIED TO THE SOUTHER CAUSE...

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, ROGUE... THE EGGS WE'RE AFTER BELONG TO THESE DRAGOIDS!

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SCRIPT ROBOT  
G. FINLEY-DAY  
ART ROBOT  
JOSE ORTIZ  
LETTERING ROBOT  
TONY JACOB  
COMPU-73e



HELM WAS RIGHT. ABOVE—

THE *HIGH COMMAND* HAVE TOLD US TO TAKE NO CHANCES. WHY DO THEY WANT THE G.I. SO *BADLY*?

IT CAN ONLY BE TO PROTECT THE *SECURITY* OF THE *EGGS*. THEY KNOW HE'S *SEARCHING* FOR THEM!

THOSE DAMN DRAGOIDS HAVE *SLITHERED OFF*, ROGUE! AND I CAN HEAR *HOOFBEATS*...

HORST CAVALRY COMIN' IN— AT *FULL GALLOP*!

HEAR ME, DROM RACE! THE RO-RATS HAVE LOCATED THE G.I. FOR YOU NOW YOU CAN *AVENGE* THE BLOOD OF YOUR COMRADES!

**KRAAKK!**

BUDDA!

BUDDA!

THEN I'LL GIVE 'EM A FULL MAG!

BUDDA!

ABOVE YOU, ROGUE!







ROGUE LEARNT THE FATE THAT AWAITED HIM.





"VILLAIN"?  
THIS VILE SLUR ON  
MY **GOOD NAME** SHALL  
BE AVENGED!

THE EAGLE AWARDS  
FAVOURITE COMIC VILLAIN  
OF 1984  
**TORQUEMADA**







I WARNED  
YOU, CREEP!  
IT'S A CRIME  
TO SCAN  
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